

"I wish to thank you for the gifts (of clothing) which have been so kindly distributed to myself and family. It is good for our people to be so friendly, and we all hope that when the war is over we shall know one another better." — ZOUCEDRAIA RAHA, an unlettered Arab, in a letter to President Roosevelt, dictated to a British sergeant.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*



Never has it been more important for those who guide our destinies to know what the people of the U S are saying, and doing, and above all, what they are *thinking*.

This truth was impressed upon us anew by Cecil Brown the war correspondent (*Suez to Singapore*) who was in Indianapolis this wk, on a tour of 38 states, gathering material for his next book, a war correspondent's report on America. "I think" said Brown, "the most important story today is of America."

Significantly, the Congress made no long-term commitments before its recent recess. (It is worth noting that the bill implementing the President's subsidy program expires Dec 31.) There was an obvious eagerness to get back home and see what the people are up to.

Out here in the mid-west, the Senators and Representatives will find, we believe, an anti-New Deal sentiment stronger and deeper than that evinced a yr go. This is not primarily a manifestation against the President personally. Resentment centers largely on domestic issues. The people (as distinct from their more articulate "spokesmen") have practically bypassed the war as a political issue. Gen'l feeling is that this is business of our military leaders; that it is in competent hands; that we'll win the war abroad, but are in danger of losing it at home thru bureaucratic-inspired domestic moves.

As usual, the people have no clear notion of what they want. But they dislike and distrust regimentation, and purpose to have less of it.

# WORLD WEEK

## Quote prophesies . . .

**ITALY:** It seems improbable, at this time, that Axis will make a strong defensive effort in So Italy. We anticipate that gov't will move to northern part of country, and with Nazis make serious effort to hold against invaders.

Incidentally, in our forecast that Mussolini would not live to witness invasion of Italy, we did not take into account execrable marksmanship of his personal enemies. He has been missed by sharpshooters at least three times recently.

**DRAFT OF FATHERS:** QUOTE has never accepted gov't maximums for armed services; has consistently expressed doubt on wholesale draft of fathers. Don't expect move to draft them unless war takes unpredictable turn.

This wk we passed a significant, but little-noted milestone. Tuesday, July 13, was the 584th day of war for the U S. And it is worth recalling that our participation in World War I was precisely 584 days. In other words, this war now, for us, has already lasted longer than our 1917-18 encounter.

**SICILY:** The rapid progress which our troops have made indicates that enemy defenses were not well organized. This is not altogether surprising. While we may yet see tough fighting before Sicily is completely conquered, it has been our opinion from the outset that Axis would not make an all-out effort to defend Mediterranean islands. It may prove militarily expedient for the enemy to husband resources for an actual invasion of the continent.

**RUSSIA:** It is difficult to tell at times, from the headlines, just who is launching this offensive on the Eastern Front. Certainly, the Nazis are a long way from their objective. And the time grows short. Paradoxical as it may seem, a supreme German effort now might prove, in the long run, good news for the Allies. Such an effort, we believe, would fail. And in the interval Nazis would squander priceless manpower and great stores of irreplaceable materials. Another drive, comparable to those of past two summers would hasten Germany's

doom—enable us to mark up victory date by several months. Such a move is hardly to be expected now, unless Japan co-operates by attacking Siberia—a prospect we are by no means inclined to discount, despite the promise of Admiral Nimitz to "keep Japs on the run."

**MARTINIQUE:** Developments of wk bear out QUOTE's original forecast. We said at outset, despite State Dep't reports of "progress" that Robert would never act independently of Vichy. With Martinique under control of Fighting French, we should not overlook importance of the now-developing French fleet. It is now certain that Mussolini's navy will soon be eliminated. Presumably, then, the French fleet can take over custody of the Mediterranean, releasing British and American vessels for still further concentration against the Japanese.

**OIL & GAS:** Daily crude oil production in U S passed 4 million bbl mark last wk, according to *Oil & Gas Journal*. And "Big Inch", the 24" pipeline from Texas to Eastern seaboard will soon be ready for operation. Strangely, this may mean tighter gasoline rationing for mid-west, as present surplus here moves eastward thru improved facilities. With impending European invasion, there's no realistic prospect for improvement in domestic allotments of oil or gasoline.

# Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted"—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"Hollywood will be here when I get back, and the war won't wait!" —LON McCALLISTER, grandson of a gateman at RKO studios, who was being groomed for a stellar role when Uncle Sam beckoned.

"I could tell you what they say in the foxholes when they get a report about a new strike. I won't, though. My mother's here.—Pvt JACK SUGARMAN, hero of Guadalcanal, home on furlough.

"Again it has been shown that when the world is at its worst, the church is at its best."—Dr P O BERSSELL, pres, Augustana Lutheran Synod.

"Sometimes toward the end of the shift, when it's dark outside and I hear Frank Sinatra sing *It's Always You*, I feel just beautiful." A MISS BAGLEY, of the production line, dwelling upon beneficial effects of music in industry.

"I am a grain of sand in the oyster, and around this grain of sand a pearl—the helicopter—has developed." —IGAR SIKORSKY, inventor of sensational aircraft.

"Republicans can't afford to turn back the clock a generation. We'll never beat Roosevelt on a 'beat-Roosevelt' ticket alone."—Sen GEO D AIKEN, of Vt.

"I don't know why anyone would want my autograph, but here it is." Gen DWIGHT D EISENHOWER, to an American admirer.

"May we  
Quote  
you on that?"

"I am with you in spirit."—BENITO MUSSOLINI, to his forces in Sicily.

"Allied co-ordination could not have been better if all the land, sea and air forces had been from a single nation." —Gen DWIGHT D EISENHOWER (who was with his Sicilian forces in person.)

"OPA is in danger of collapse because of confusion, indecision, compromise, red tape, young lawyers, professors and slide-rule theorists. It needs a liberal transfusion of common horse sense."—LOU MAXON, Detroit ad man, resigning as deputy administrator of OPA.

"My father used to say, 'Nobody walks a rented horse'." —IRENE CASTLE McLAUGHLIN, in a campaign to assure more humane treatment for livery horses.

"I want to rejoin the paratroopers, if they'll let me—just so I can turn in that old chute for a new one."—Pvt BLAINE D HALL, who plummeted 700 ft from airplane under unopened parachute — and lived. Dismissed this wk from hospital at Ft Benning, Ga.

"Take any number and divide it again and again, and you have an answer to Nazi decreasing air power on any one front. It's mathematics."—Gen H H ARNOLD, chief, American Army Air Forces.

"They got me wrong — they popped a question at me and only listened to half the answer."—GEO HERMAN ("Babe") RUTH, protesting statement recently attributed to him that major league baseball might not last thru present season. "What I said" explains the Babe "is that baseball might not be able to operate if the magnates lose too much money this yr. I want to see the game live thru the war. And it will live—unless so much money is lost that the men who run it would be ruined."

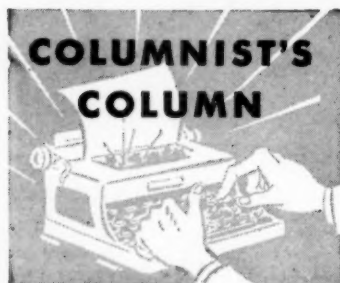
"We want to wear skirts and feel like ladies. . . We never heard of a girl getting her skirt caught in the gears of a typewriter."—Spokesman for Women Office Workers at Ford Plant, protesting order that all female employees must wear slacks, as a safety measure.

"It's about as sensible as it would be to use taxpayers' money to provide textbooks in sabotage and give laboratory training in the production of nitroglycerin bombs to enemy prisoners of war." —Rep KARL E MUNDT, of S D commenting on practice of giving judo instruction to Jap internees.

"We hope it is the beginning of the end."—FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT, commenting on invasion of Sicily.

**Quote**

is issued weekly by QUOTE SERVICE. Maxwell Droke, Publisher. Business and Editorial Offices Droke House, 1014 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Indiana. Subscription rates \$5.00 per year in advance, in United States and Possessions. Foreign \$7.00 per year. Entered as Second Class matter at the Post Office at Indianapolis, Indiana, under Act of March 3, 1879. QUOTE uses no original manuscripts, and does not accept advertising. Volume 6, Number 3



## Invasion Ship

ERNIE PYLE

**Aboard a U S Navy Ship of the Invasion Fleet:**—As you go into battle all excess rags and blankets are taken ashore. Bunk mattresses are set on edge against walls, to act as cushions against torpedo or shell fragments. Navy's traditional white hats are left below. No white clothing shows on deck. Steel helmets, battleship gray, are worn during engagement. Men who go on night watches are awakened 45 min ahead to accustom eyes to darkness.

All souvenir firearms are turned in, the ammunition thrown overboard. There's a locker-room full of German and Italian arms captured from enemy soldiers. Failure to throw away ammunition is court-martial offense. Officers don't want stray bullets whining around in case of fire.

Food supplies were taken from regular hampers, distributed about ship so entire supply couldn't be destroyed by one hit.

Mimeographed set of instructions was distributed before sailing:

"This operation will be completely offensive. It may extend over a long period of time. Opportunities for rest will not come often. You can be sure that you will have something to talk about when this is over. This ship must do her stuff."

The night before we sailed, crew listened as usual to the German propaganda radio program featuring Olga, the American girl turned Nazi. They laughed at her childishly treasonous talk.

In a vague, indirect way, I suppose, the privilege of listening to your enemy trying to undermine you the very night before you go to face him, expresses what we are fighting for.—Condensed from a cabled dispatch to Scripps-Howard papers.

## AIR AGE

Greyhound bus line has already put in an application with Civil Aeronautics board for a nationwide network of helicopter routes. The fare is estimated at 4 cts a mi. While full development of the program will have to await war's end, they hope soon to have a few experimental craft operating between Detroit and Flint, Mich, and between Detroit, Cincinnati and Louisville, Ky.

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Juan Trippe, pres, Pan American Airways predicts that the first fleet of 153-passenger clippers planned by his company will be able to take us to London in 10 hrs for \$100.

That is to say, with a wk's vacation and as little, perhaps, as \$250, it will be possible to spend an entire wk in Great Britain, or even, for a few dollars more, to toss in a visit to post-war Paris. — Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.

## DRINK—Drinking

The shortage of liquor indicates that the war almost has John Barleycornered.—Indianapolis Times.

## INGENUITY

A pretty girl dashed breathlessly into a Los Angeles meat market and asked to be locked in the refrigerating room for 5 min.

"I'm taking tests to become a WAVE" she explained. "They tell me I have two degrees of temperature, but I know it's just because I'm so excited. So please lock me up and cool me off."

The butcher gallantly complied. He hasn't heard how the test came out.—Dots-n-Dashes.

## INVASION

Two Nazis met on a Berlin boulevard.

"I have inside information" whispered the first "about England's invasion."

"Ach!" said the second, "and when are they coming?"

## MARRIED LIFE

"It is a mistake to beat women" said the old man "except for amusement, and then only if they like it. It is a strange thing, but some like it. It is after all an attention. It shows you think of

## Contrasts in Character

**The German:** Nothing the Germans did here" a Russian peasant told me "made sense. They hurt us, but they often hurt themselves. When they destroyed the artesian well, we had no good water—but neither did they. When they took apart the bathhouse, we could no longer keep clean—but neither could they. We got typhus—and so did they. Why do you suppose they act like that?"—

Why, indeed! In centuries to come thousands of learned books will be written in attempts to answer this one question about Germans in an era whose dominant note is a passion for destruction of everything non-German.—MAURICE HINDUS, "What the Nazis Leave Behind", *Liberty*, 7-3-'43.

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**The English:** In a front yard a man is standing in his garden. A flying piece of scantling has broken a rose bush. The bud, which was about to open is wilting on the ground. The man leans down and picks up the bud. He feels it with his fingers and carries it to his nose. . . A neighbor passes.

"The Boche was bloody bad last night" he says. "Broke the yellow one proper" he says. "And it was just coming on to bloom."

"Ah, well" the neighbor says, "let's have a look at it." The two kneel down beside the bush. "She's broke above the graft" the neighbor says, "she's not split. Probably shoot out here." He points with a thick finger to a lump on the side of the bush. "Sometimes" he says "when they've had a shock, they come out prettier than ever."

Across the channel, in back of the hill that you can see, they are cleaning the great gun barrel, studying charts, making reports, churning with Geopolitik.—JOHN STEINBECK, in a cabled dispatch from Dover, Eng, copy-right by N Y Tribune.

them and cannot be done in an absurd-minded manner." — STUART CLOETHE, in his S African novel, *The Hill of Doves* (Houghton, \$2.75).



## Japan—Poised for the Plunge

ALICE-LEONE MOATS would hardly classify as the conventional foreign correspondent. A young lady with certain prejudices and uncertain disposition, she herself confesses, in introducing her book, *Blind Date With Mars*, (Doubleday, \$2.50) that she has "a talent for bringing out the worst in the best people." This combination of temper and temperament, a bit disconcerting at times, nevertheless gives this brash Baedeker an engaging insouciance.

On a trip around the world which consumed a year and a half, Miss Moats spent a little over two mo's in Japan (Sept 4 to Nov 8 1940). Here are a few random notes, picturing conditions in Nippon in the year preceding the Pearl Harbor attack:

I didn't go to Japan with an open mind. I disliked Japs by instinct. I loathed the sight of their nasty little bowlegs, duck bottoms, and prominent teeth. I hated their polite hissing. Like most Westerners, I believed the myth of the silent, inscrutable Oriental. The Japanese are not silent, they are just inarticulate. They merely seem inscrutable and unemotional because their reactions are so slow. Suffering an inferiority complex, disconcerted by our size, the rapidity of our motions and our quick mental processes, their nerves go to pieces completely.

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When I drove up to the Imperial hotel in Tokio, I thought it one of the ugliest buildings I had ever seen. It is low, squat, built of narrow brownish bricks. Within, one has the definite impression of being inside a tomb. The yellowish furniture in bedrooms is in what used to be known as "mission" style, upholstered in silk of a shade best described as "baby couldn't help it". The sunken bathtubs never looked clean, and probably weren't; they were scratchy, producing a waffle design on the bather's behind.

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One reason service was so bad at the Imperial was that employees were so busy keeping an eye on "spies". Posters emphasizing the spy menace were everywhere. Most of them showed a man in full evening dress (the "uniform" of the Westerner) peeking furtively thru the window of a Japanese dwelling. A "short" was featured on all movie programs. It pictured a Russian sitting in a train compartment. He engaged a Japanese lady in conversation, eventually asked the distance between Koge and Nagasaki. When, in her innocence, she gave him this valuable bit of information, he promptly jotted it down in

a notebook. Finally, he took a pencil and drew a map of the coast line as the train proceeded. The moral of this story seemed to be that Russians don't have access to maps.

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When members of the Russian embassy played golf, four men were dispatched to keep eyes on them. One watcher, obviously, was insufficient. If a player should get into the rough, and the spy followed, the other three would be left unwatched! With the caddies, this made 12 people on the course in the same game, and slowed other players. Finally, the club passed a rule excluding all diplomats from membership.

" "

The Japs not only imitated the Nazi spirit in their New Structure; they went it one better by adopting a program of *Strength without Joy*. The New Structure allowed no place for amusement or relaxation. Taking a walk, with no purpose, came under the heading of not conforming to the spirit of the times. A youth was trounced for strolling with his girl. Another, walking with his wife, was stopped by a policeman; had to telephone home to prove his statement. "Well" said the policeman, "it is too bad that you walk with a woman at this momentous juncture, whether she is your wife or not."

" "

Lack of milk, butter and eggs was a hardship to foreigners; the Japanese wouldn't have minded if they could have obtained enough rice. Anyone sufficiently foolhardy as to complain of adulterated rice, was locked in jail for three days without food. At the end of that time he would be let out with the question, "Don't you find that the quality of the rice has improved?"



"Wisdom is Where You Find it."

HESTER ANN (A Satisfied Domestic Servant) *House Beautiful*, 7-'43.

The hired girl has been looked down on as being in a low class of work. Why? The mgr of the home has not kept pace with the mgr of outside world. Home bosses have belittled the importance of domestic service.

Would the office mgr take an untrained stenographer because she was cheaper? Would he expect his employees to work 12 to 16 hrs a day? Yet untrained girls are expected to do housework; taught to believe it of no importance.

The answer to the domestic problem is *elevation and education*. Banish the idea that *anybody* will do. Expect and demand *trained* houseworkers. Insert training programs in high schools and colleges. Regulate working hrs. Pay a living wage. Don't expect the hired girl to give the baby his 6 A M bottle, work all day, and end up by giving the baby his 10 P M bottle. Forget the idea of the maid staying in every night but two to be with the children, after being on duty all day.

Would Mr Smith send his stenographer to work in Mr Jones' office if there was a slight let-up at his desk? No! Yet Mrs Smith thinks Hilda should willingly go over to Mrs Jones' to help if she is having a bridge.

Many household workers are now in war plants. If they don't return, it will be the fault of their employers and the low state in which such work is held. With domestic servants paid serf's wages, asked to live in ugly dark holes at the bottom of courts, or in basements or hot attics, what American wouldn't rather work in a factory for a decent salary which will pay for a decent, pretty room? As long as a woman can better herself at factory work, she will do it.

## News of the New

**ARMY:** New type incendiary bomb that is striking terror in Germany is termed the "rubber snake" because it writhes and twists as it falls. Far more efficient than usual incendiaries, most of which light harmlessly. German fire brigades reported unable to cope with new terror; count it "worst weapon" yet thrown at them.

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**AVIATION:** Changes are being made in Flying Fortress to permit 2-ton blockbuster under each wing; six more tons inside. This 10-ton load makes Fortress No 1 bomb-carrier. But a still bigger Fortress, with more capacity and longer range, is on the way.

" "

**INVENTION:** Our scouts report that war's end will see a greatly improved washing machine on mkt. So simple a child (or even a husband) can operate, it will do family laundry completely and almost automatically.

And here is a boon! A newly-patented back-scrubbing brush. An elongated cylindrical brush, with two flexible arms long enough to encircle the body.

" "

**MEDICINE:** Old gag, "What's good for a cold?" and wisecrack answer, "Two weeks" now takes on new significance with failure of another "magical" remedy to relieve common cold. May now be said authoritatively that sulfa drugs promise little to cold sufferer. In Jefferson Barracks, Mo, 670 soldiers were recently tested. Half the number were given sulfadiazine; the others APC tablets (aspirin, phenacetin, citrated caffeine). Fifteen pneumonia cases developed among sulfa group; 14 in control group. Sulfa group were ready to leave hospital in average of 7.2 days; the others, 7.4 days.

" "

**SURGERY:** One difficulty in brain surgery is to stop flow of blood. Dep't of Surgery Columbia U has experimented successfully with use of oxidized cellulose. Unlike cotton, it is absorbent when left implanted in the body. Details are reported in current *Annals of Surgery*.

### Last Days of The Luftwaffe

The Luftwaffe is doomed. But this does not mean that we will never hear of it again.

Long ago the Nazis announced that before giving up as they did in '18, they would bring the whole world down with them in flames.

In this connection, bombing raids against America are entirely possible. They are even probable.

To bring down the world in flames. . . a gigantic blackmail to get better peace terms in the end.

When the last desperate moment has come, the Luftwaffe can and probably will be used for the purpose of demolishing a good part of Europe. . . I am afraid the Nazis will resort to deeds which will make everything they have done so far seem humane. They will try to murder the four to six million prisoners of war now in Germany. And there is no doubt in my mind they will try to do away with as many inhabitants of the occupied countries as possible. The Luftwaffe. . . will play a big part in this last horrible tragedy. — **HAUPTMANN HERMANN, The Luftwaffe, Its Rise and Fall** (Putnam).

### OCCUPIED COUNTRIES

Latest jibe at starvation rations of Hollanders runs as follows, according to a Nazi newspaper which criticized such "sour humor":

"Do you know why cigarette papers are so scarce?"

"They all go to the butchers who use them for wrapping up their customers' meat orders."—*Knickerbocker Weekly*.

### PRICE CONTROL

A housewife protested to her butcher when he asked 39 c lb for hamburger.

"That's too much" she said, "I saw in the paper that the OPA price is 32 c per lb."

The butcher, evidently a bit behind the procession, must have concluded OPA was another of those pesky chain competitors.

"Well" he said testily, "why don't you go down there and buy it?"—*The Westerner*.

## Confidentially thru a Megaphone

Small-town bankers in the mid-west are boil-sore because a score or so of federal lending agencies, subsidized by Dep't of Agriculture, have gobbled up most of the desirable farm loans—business on which the small banks must depend for actual existence. "We support the Treasury Dep't by buying war securities" says a spokesman, "and what happens? Another branch of the gov't comes along and snatches our bread and butter!"

War construction is just about over, except for some housing contracts, the construction of a few airports, etc. This situation now has bldg industry pretty badly worried. Problem is how to keep skilled workers occupied until materials are again available for private construction.

You may have observed that coal merchants have made a slight alteration in their program to get householders to store coal during the summer. The slogan has been changed from "Buy now" to "Order now." Reason: Most dealers are five to six wks behind in their deliveries. There's no shortage of coal, but they can't get drivers. Best informed sources say privately that unless situation improves there will be real hardship this winter.

When milk rationing comes (it may vary in different areas) you will be obliged to register with a single source (dairyman or retailer) and buy only from him for a full ration period.

The Brush-Off Club, originating in India, and composed of servicemen whose girl friends have married civilians, is soon to open chapters in England, Africa, etc.

Clerks at dime-store candy counters now wear cardboard signs, "No Gum Today."

## RATIONING

A little daughter of a friend of ours can't understand why her father is cussing about an A card. When she got one at school, he gave her 50 cts.—*Durez Molder, h m Durez Plastics & Chemicals, Inc.*

## TAXES

Michael Faraday, father of our electrical age, was giving a demonstration before the British Royal Scientific Society of London. A rising young politician of the day, Wm Gladstone, was present. He evinced polite interest at first and then became bored, saying, "It's all very interesting, Mr. Faraday, but what in God's earth good is it?"

"Some day" answered Faraday, "you politicians will be able to tax it!"—*MALCOLM W BINGAY, "The Romance of Commerce", The Detroit-er, 6-28-'43.*



I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God are new every morning, and fresh every moment.—*DANIEL WEBSTER.*

## WAR BONDS—Retention

Bill Jones had to allot ten per cent of his pay to buy War Bonds. He knew it would involve some inconvenience, but Bill had the feeling that he was doing his part.

Later on, Bill's wife needed some funds for the house, so Bill decided to sell some of his War Bonds. He would still be a ten-per-cent man to all outward appearances; he could wear his ten per cent button and be the only one who would know that his record was a little phoney.

That night Bill had a dream. He dreamt that he was in the Army and on Guadalcanal with one of a group of soldiers defending against threatened attack. Bill didn't feel very comfortable and neither did some of the other boys. But they

# American Scene

"Rusty was real good . . ."

MACKINLAY KANTOR

It wasn't fair for Rusty to be killed. Marshes fought in wars; they didn't get killed in them. Lew's grandfather had fought for yrs in the Army of the Tennessee. Lew's own father had gone to Chickamauga with the Nat'l Guards in '93. He hadn't been killed, or even shot at in the Spanish-American war. Lew himself had gone thru the last business. He had seen a lot of shooting, but he hadn't been killed.

Now it had happened. A Marsh had been killed, in 1943, fighting for his country.

What was Rusty Marsh's country, anyway? What was Rusty's world? He hadn't had a chance to live. He hadn't ever eaten at the Ritz, or watched the Dodgers play. He hadn't ever paid his own rent, or made a scooter for his little boy . . . so far as Lew Marsh knew, Rusty perhaps had never even slept with a girl. . .

" "

"I'm Anton Cavrek" said the lad. ". . . Tony. I thought maybe Rusty had said something about me in his letters and—

"You see, Mr Marsh, it was like this: Rusty and I used to talk about—about what might happen and—See, I haven't got any folks or anything; but Rusty always said if anything happened—I mean, to him—he said I ought to come when I got a chance and—call on you and his mother—"

They went into the house. Agnes began to cry; then she kissed Tony Cavrek. Lew went into the front room and cried a little himself.

all had rifles and they thought that they would be able to take care of themselves. Suddenly the Japanese appeared and just at that point someone came up to Bill Jones and took his rifle away saying, "The guy that loaned the money for this wants it back."

He came back, blowing his nose heartily: "Well, well, well! Mother, where are we going to put this big tramp of a sailor?"

Agnes wiped her eyes, smiled. "I guess you know where." She looked at Lew. "If he wants to. . ."

They followed Agnes to the kitchen, watched her slice cold meat-loaf. Lew said, "I wonder . . . maybe we'd better discuss it now. Is there anything you ought to tell us, Tony?"

The sailor stood very straight before them. He said, "You understand I can't tell you where it was. They came over awfully fast . . . had more planes; a lot of them got thru and began pounding us—our boat, I mean—pretty hard. Rusty was ordered to sick bay for service. I saw him once. He was working hard, helping the doctors. They had a lot of wounded coming in, and I think Rusty saved quite a few lives. He was real good at his job."

Tony Cavrek looked at the kitchen stove and seemed to be counting the little handles of the gas switches. Then he said, "Rusty was real good—at any job he had to do."

He stopped abruptly. . . Finally Lew went over, and made a fist out of his hand, and hit Tony lightly, two or three times on the shoulder. "You like loganberry wine?" he asked. "There's an old lady here in town makes it, and she gave me a couple of bottles last wk."

"I guess I never had any loganberry wine," said Tony Cavrek, "but I bet it sure would be swell."—Abridged from Mr Kantor's book, *Happy Land* (Coward-McCann, \$1.25).

"What a silly dream," Mrs. Jones said, when he told it at the breakfast table. A little later she added, "Maybe we can get along without those things for the house." And Jones said, "Possibly we can."—*Daily Bulletin—Metropolitan Life Ins. Co. of New York.*

## GEMS FROM Yesterday

Thoughts on War  
GEO SANTAYANA

*Born in Madrid, of Spanish parents, GEO SANTAYANA has been termed "the most consummate living literary artist in the English language". He was graduated from Harvard in 1886, and subsequently taught various subjects there. This selection is abridged from an essay in the author's collection, Soliloquies in England (1922). Now in his 70th yr, SANTAYANA is living in England.*

Since barbarism has its pleasures it naturally has its apologists. There are panegyrist of war who say that without a periodical bleeding a race decays and loses its manhood. Experience is directly opposed to this shameless assertion. It is war that wastes a nation's wealth, chokes its industries, kills its flower, narrows its sympathies, condemns it to be governed by adventurers, and leaves the puny, deformed and unmanly to breed the next generation.

Internece war, foreign and civil, brought about the greatest set-back which the life of reason has ever suffered; it exterminated the Greek and Italian aristocracies. Instead of being descended from heroes, modern nations are descended from slaves; and it is not their bodies only that show it.

After a long peace, if the conditions of life are propitious, we observe a people's energies bursting their barriers; they become aggressive on the strength they have stored up in their remote and unchecked development. It is the unmutated race, fresh from the struggle with nature (in which the best survive, while in war it is often the best that perish) that descends victoriously into the arena of nations and conquers disciplined armies at the first blow, becomes the military aristocracy of the next epoch and is itself ultimately sapped and decimated by luxury and battle, and merged at last into the ignoble conglomerate beneath. To call war the soil of courage and virtue is very much like calling debauchery the soil of love.

## Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

A woman, critically injured in a traffic accident had been rushed to a hospital.

"Did you hold a mirror to her face to see if she was still breathing?" an attending doctor asked.

"Oh, yes" said the young interne. "She opened one eye, gasped, and reached for her powder puff."

" "

"Wake up, Horace! Wake up!" urged the neurotic wife in the dead of night. "Wake up, I think I hear a mouse squeaking in the closet."

"Well, what ya want me to do?" inquired her spouse drowsily, "get up and oil it?"

### I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

ALBERT G. CURRY

Social Service Director

Pittsburgh Goodwill Industries

The daughter of one of our office people works in a plant in a district where many colored families live. Recently, there was a death in one of the rooming houses. The woman who operates the rooming house, rushed to the office of the plant and asked that an undertaker be called. "An' please tell 'em to hurry" she urged. "Dey's twenty black-birds a'ready settin' in de parlor waitin' t' see 'im."

When little Johnnie from the tenement district appeared at school on several successive days looking progressively dirtier, the teacher, reluctant to interfere in such matters, finally kept him after school to inquire into the matter of his personal appearance.

Little Johnnie smiled patriotically and explained: "Papa's raising a victory garden in the bathtub!"—*Parade*.

"Now, I'll im'tate shom-thin'," suggested the inebriated Joe, "an' you tell me wha' it ish."

Joe then proceeded to remain perfectly motionless while his pal took several wild guesses.

"No," said Joe triumphantly, "tha'sh all wrong. I's im'tash'n of man goin' up stairsh."

"But" protested, his friend, "you're not even moving!"

"Coursh not" agreed Joe. "I'm on an elevator."

## WISECRACKS of the Week

British and American bombers increased their record for bad marksmanship last month. Every time they aimed at a cultural monument, they hit a dam, factory or railroad yard. —HOWARD BRUBAKER, *The New Yorker*.

" "

One of the seven wonders of the modern world: "Wonder how the feller across the st got a new tire." — *Omaha World-Herald*.

" "

And have you heard of the gal who wanted to be different —so she had her legs wallpapered?

" "

The gal who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right—and left.—*Navy News*.

Ralph, the diminutive office boy for one of the great Eastern financial institutions approached an executive of the bank one morning with the assurance that he now knew what was wrong with the country. Invited to give his opinion, the lad observed:

"Why, we're trying to run America with only one vice-president!"



